

Heartbreak by finnxwheeler

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Summary:

Will Byers didn't expect to get his heartbroken by Mike Wheeler. But, as it turns out, that's exactly what happened.

Heartbreak

Author's Note:

This is based on a prompt request I received on Tumblr! Also, I don't own the song mentioned later in this work. That belongs to Bob Dylan!

When Will Byers arrived for his weekend sleepover with Mike Wheeler, the last thing he expected was to get his heart broken.

Yet here he was, standing at the top of the basement stairs in the Wheeler home, his heart in shambles. It had all started as soon as he'd opened the basement door, hearing Mike's voice as soon as he closed it. His voice was floating from the bottom of the stairs, in the direction of Eleven's blanket fort on the far end of the basement. Will heard no other voice but Mike's, and Will waited at the top of the stairs with bated breath as Mike spoke to the seemingly empty room below.

"Can you hear me?" Mike was saying. "Please...if you can hear me, just...give me a sign? Flicker the lights. Make something break. Make ANY kind of noise, if you can. Please, El. Please."

Will kept still, not daring to move even an inch. Mike had been trying for weeks to communicate with El, but to no avail. Will didn't want to say it—and he knew that Dustin and Lucas didn't, either—but El was most likely dead. The boys had told Will what had happened to her, and it definitely wasn't likely that she survived that. But Mike was absolutely convinced that she was still out there and wouldn't entertain any other notion, much to the other boys' dismay.

"El, come on," Mike said, voice flooded with both frustration and desperation. Will could hear the static of the Supercom grow louder for a moment before it died down some. Mike seemed to think it meant something, his voice filled with excitement as he spoke again. "Was that you?! Did you do that?!"

Will wanted to go down the stairs at that moment to try and talk some sense into his best friend, but what happened next stopped him

completely in his tracks.

“El, I...I miss you so much,” Mike said, oncoming tears evident in his voice. “I would give anything if you would just come back. If you would at least let me know you’re okay. El, I...I think...This is going to sound crazy, but I think I love you. Nancy always says that I’m still too young to know what that means, but I think she’s wrong. You made me so happy, and I’ve honestly never been happier than I was when you were here with me. I can’t stop thinking about you. I would do anything for you, including giving myself up if that meant you’d be safe. If that isn’t love...then what IS? I...I’ve never felt this way about anyone, and I’m afraid I never will again. Just...please. Please come back.”

Will hadn’t realized he was crying until he tasted the salty tears at the corner of his mouth. He could practically feel his heart being torn to shreds at Mike’s words, his tiny frame trembling with the sobs that were building up inside of him. He’d always thought that Mike might have as big of a crush on Will as Will did on Mike, but now Will knew that wasn’t the case. All of those shy glances they gave each other, all of the blushing they’d do when their hands would touch, all of it had meant nothing more than friendship to Mike.

The reality was hitting Will like a rolling wave, and he could feel himself drowning in it. He began to wish that he’d never gone missing, so El never would have come into Mike’s life. As soon as that thought crossed his mind, however, Will killed it at once. It wasn’t El’s fault—or Mike’s, for that matter—that Will was practically in love with his best friend. That was all on Will, and the blame rested solely on himself. To condemn El wouldn’t change Mike’s feelings for her, and it wouldn’t make Mike fall for Will, either. Joyce had raised him better than to be jealous and selfish, especially where his best friends were concerned.

Will’s own tears continued to spill, until he heard Mike begin to weep. Hearing his crying, knowing that Mike was in pain, caused Will to snap out of his own pity party almost immediately. Mike was hurting and here was Will feeling sorry for himself because of an unrequited crush. The heartache that Mike was feeling didn’t come close to this, and Will knew it. While he didn’t actually understand what it felt like to have someone you love seemingly die in front of

you, Will still knew. Nothing in this world could possibly compare to that.

Wiping his eyes and cheeks completely free of tears and making sure he was fully composed, Will walked down the basement stairs. When he came down the last set, Mike was looking at him with watery brown eyes, his lower lip slightly quivering as his cheeks turned red with embarrassment. Seeing Mike like that caused Will's heart to break even more, and he had to fight back a fresh wave of his own tears.

"When d-did you get here?" Mike asked.

"Just now," Will lied. "Are you...I mean, what's wrong?"

"Nothing," Mike said, wiping furiously at his eyes. "It's st-stupid."

"Doubtful," Will said, walking to the fort and kneeling in front of it. His eyes met Mike's, a sympathetic grin on the smaller boy's lips. "Do you wanna be alone?"

Mike shook his head. "No. That's the last thing I want."

Will nodded, looking down as more tears fell from Mike's eyes. Will reached toward him after a moment, gently swiping his thumbs over Mike's freckled cheeks and under his eyes to wipe away the accumulating wetness. Mike's lashes were also splashed with tears, his chocolate eyes large with ones yet to be shed. His cheeks were blotchy from crying, and Will couldn't help but feel a tinge of sadness at the very sight.

But even when crying, Mike Wheeler was still the most beautiful boy that Will had ever seen.

Will moved his hand to his coat pocket, remembering that he still had some unused tissues inside. He'd been fighting with his sinuses for the last week and needed some emergency tissues for school, just in case. Now, he was removing them and pushing them in Mike's direction. The taller boy looked at them for a moment before shaking his head.

"No," Mike said. "I couldn't take your—"

"Mike," Will said sternly. "Take them. Please? You've always been so good at taking care of me and looking out for me. You've been there through my nightmares, through the flashbacks, when I've been scared, and when I've cried, too. Let me take care of you for a change. Okay? Let it be my turn to assume your role. Even the caregiver needs caring, too, you know."

Mike took the outstretched tissues with a slight chuckle, blotting his eyes before laying them next to his thigh. Will climbed into the fort, settling next to Mike once inside. He put an arm around his best friend, pulling Mike to his side as Mike lay down slightly. Due to Mike being taller, he had to lay and stretch out in order to properly rest his head on Will's shoulder. His breathing steadied, his tears began to dry, and Will just held him as if their lives both depended on it. He was determined to hold Mike as close as he could until Mike was one-hundred percent alright again. Just like Mike always did for him.

"Do you want to know why I was so upset?" Mike asked after a few moments of silence.

"If you wanna tell me," Will said, although he was unsure how well he'd be able to handle hearing Mike's confession again. Still, Will couldn't let on that he'd overheard earlier. "I won't force you to tell me if you really don't want to."

"I really miss Eleven," Mike murmured against Will's shoulder. "Like...more than anything. Will, how...I...I mean, what do you think love feels like?"

"Why are you asking?" Will asked softly.

"I..." Mike began. "I think I'm in love with her. El. It's stupid, I know. We only knew each other a week and I'm young, I know, but..."

"But you still think you are," Will managed, clearing his throat past the lump that had formed there. "Well...I guess to me, love would feel beautiful. You would feel invincible, like you were on top of the world. You would get butterflies in your belly, maybe. You'd sacrifice anything for them to be safe and secure and happy. Love is beautiful, and it would make you feel beautiful."

Mike nodded against Will's shoulder. "That's exactly how it feels. But Will...That was more specific than I thought it would be. It almost sounds like you know from personal experience."

I do, Will thought. I know from personal experience with you.

"Nah," he said, curling his lips inward as he tried to stave off a fresh roll of tears. "Just a hunch, I guess."

"I miss her," Mike said. "What if she's in danger? What if she's hurting and needs help? I'm—"

Mike burst into fresh tears as Will held him tightly, kissing his hair as Mike had always done for him when he cried. He rubbed Mike's back soothingly, a tear of his own sliding down his cheek as he listened to Mike's broken sobs. Will began to sing softly, rocking his friend back and forth in comfort as the lyrics began to fall from his lips:

Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying

Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying

You know, I know, the sun will always shine

So baby, please stop crying 'cause it's tearing up my mind

Mike began to calm as he listened to Will singing gently in his ear, his tears stopping again as he took in every single lyric that Will sang so sweetly. Will didn't stop, either, not until Mike was completely calm and his weeping had died down. Even so, he continued to hum in Mike's ear, hand still stroking his back for Mike's own serenity.

"Will?" Mike asked once Will had fallen silent.

"Yeah?" Will replied.

Mike looked up at him, eyes still wet but no fresh tears were being produced. "Can we stay like this for a little while? It's just...I dunno, having you close makes me feel better, and I don't wanna let go of that just yet."

"Of course," Will said soothingly. "We can stay here for as long as

you need.”

“Sing to me again,” Mike begged, the first genuine smile that Will had seen in weeks spreading over the brunet’s lips. A blush settled over Mike’s cheeks as his eyes flickered first to Will’s lips and then back to his eyes. “Please? Anything you want to sing.”

Will grinned as Mike laid his head against Will’s shoulder once again, snuggling close to the smaller boy and wrapping his arms around him. Will could feel Mike breathing against his neck as he began to sing *Here Comes the Sun* by The Beatles, each lyric falling confidently from his lips and each instrumental part of the song being hummed with equal conviction. Mike listened to every single word and every little hum, and soon his heartbreak began to mend—at least for the time being. Little did he know, though, that Will’s own heart was still breaking. Not just for Mike’s pain, but for the fact that Mike was only making him fall harder with no plans at all to catch him.

Anyone who said having a crush on your best friend was easy had obviously never experienced such a thing.